

# Good Morning

269

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

A.B. JOHN COLLEY—

NEWS FOR  
YOU TO-DAY

WE were seated in your home at 1 Elmsdale Avenue, Blackley, Manchester, when in dashed young red curly-headed Dennis with a cat in his arms.

He put the cat down and said in a pleading voice, "Daddy throw the old cat away and get me a puppy." So you see, John, this is somewhat of a Mayday for the rescue of Tibby. But maybe there'll be both Tibby and the puppy at home.

Denny also said, "Marion made me clear the table to-day. I wish my brothers were here to keep my sisters in order."

Joyce, his twin, replied, "They'll keep you in order, you mean." And Dad just laughed.

Your mother then came in with an airgraph from your twin, Willie. He's doing fine, he says, and is keeping well and hearty.



## All around your Home Town

**TWA FRAE AULD REEKIE.**  
WITH considerable vigour and dramatic effect, an artiste in a travelling theatre doing a one-night stand in a village recited "The Village Blacksmith."

One brawny member of the audience was particularly enthusiastic in his applause. At the interval he made his way back-stage and said to the artiste concerned, "I'm the chap you've been talking about. When you go on again, will you tell them I've got bicycles for hire?"

If you don't believe that story, you will probably take this with a grain of salt, too. When prisoners of war, recently repatriated, were coming ashore at Leith, a reporter, describing the scene, wrote: "There was a surge forward by spectators to see if there were any kent faces among the men."

A cautious Censor deleted the word "kent."

**50-YEAR NEEDLE JOB.**  
THE girl who began a fifty-year task of stitching her famous Murillo tapestry masterpiece in Wales during the latter part of the last century and vowed to finish it before her death in the United States, has died at her Colorado home at the age of 80.

She was Mrs. Joseph Harris, of Denver, and her cross-stitch tapestry on canvas of Murillo's famous painting, "The Children of the Shell," was exhibited all over the States and valued at £1,000. Beginning on the tapestry at

Aberdovey, North Wales. Mrs. Harris, then Miss Mary Blackwell, took it with her to the States over thirty years ago, and vowed to finish it before she died.

Using the same needle as she used to begin in Wales, she worked with seventy-four shades of wool and put in one hundred and sixteen thousand stitches.

On completion after fifty years the tapestry measured 24in. by 28in. Proud of her Welsh ancestry to the last, Mrs. Harris was an ardent supporter of movements to develop Anglo-American relations.

**PLYMOUTH PLANS.**  
PLYMOUTH Corporation, having briefed Professor Abercrombie, the town planning expert, to prepare its Reconstruction Report, giving the proposed lay-out of bombed areas after the war, is having a private war with the Paper Controller, who seems to have clamped down pretty hard on supplies.

Apparently the "ration" will permit the printing of only 1,000 copies, and this report at 10s. 6d. looks like being a best-seller, as Plymouth folk have sent in hundreds of orders already. The Report will cost over £2 a copy to produce, so that it should be a bargain at half a guinea!

**CARELESS TALK.**  
ONE of my pals in a small Yorkshire newspaper office handed me an interesting piece of paper the other day. It was a form that is always sent out by that paper to couples intending to get married.

The bridegroom, a canny Yorkshire sailor, filled in the space headed "Honeymoon Being Spent At..." with the words, "Careless Talk Costs Wives."

**BARBER'S "BIG NOISES."**  
ERIC TRACHY, son of Mrs. Trachy, of Charles Street, Weymouth, was a hairdresser in his home town before the war.

When he joined the Royal Corps of Signals he expected to forsake the scissors for the sword—or, at least, a Morse buzzer!

But it was not to be. Eric's tonorial abilities were soon recognised and made use of. Although his military job is driving for a major, he spends quite a bit of his time cutting the hair of Army officers who have heard of his "artistry."

Writing home from Italy, he says: "I am doing it for all the 'big noises,' and once it was a General who had his hair cut sitting on a soap-box!" His customers write their names in an autograph book he is keeping. "And, believe me, there are some famous names in it," he says.

IN a little room of a building in the heart of London's theatreland occupied chiefly by theatrical agents a group of conspirators sat hatching a plot that must put in the shade many of the melodramatic efforts of playwrights who had had their first readings in the vicinity.

The conspirators did not desire the downfall of a nation; no great public figure was to be torn to pieces. They were merely planning to get one particular pugilist to fight another at a place specified.

It sounds so very ordinary that the question is bound to arise: Why a conspiracy? Just this: Battling Siki had most emphatically refused to set foot on Irish soil and, probably because of the emphasis laid on the refusal, a certain number of Irishmen had vowed that this dark son of a dark continent would most assuredly fight exactly where they wanted him to fight.

# IRISHMEN SAID "OY," SO SIKI WENT TO ERIN

W. H. Millier tells  
why he didn't want to

One of the promoters was an Irish giant, who was also a leading surgeon, and although rated very high in his profession, I believe he spent much more time in sport than he did at the operating table. He rarely missed a big fight and was an authority on racing.

He had many more interests, and whenever anything turbulent was afoot he could generally be found to have some sort of connection.

His partner in this new promoting venture was an Irish racehorse owner, and for professional help and guidance they came to Major Wilson, who had Siki under contract to fight Joe Beckett.

For his part, Major Wilson was quite ready to assist in persuading Siki to undertake the Irish engagement, and having learned that the negro had no intention of permitting himself to be persuaded by anyone, we now reach the stage when the little bunch I have mentioned sat down to discuss ways and means.

Major Wilson's general factotum was a resourceful individual named Jim Harris, whose knowledge of the underworld was extensive and peculiar. It was Harris who offered a solution when all else had failed.

The substance of his remarks was, "Give me some dough, bags of it; and if I don't meet you in Dublin in a fortnight's time with Battling Siki in person, my name isn't Jim Harris."

Our friend, the doctor-turned-promoter, smiled with something like relief. No. It was not a disdainful smile at what might have seemed an expulsion of hot air. He was a shrewd judge of character and felt that he was at least backing a trier when he took Harris at his word. Wilson had an enigmatic smile. He, too, knew his man.

I had agreed to go to Dublin about three weeks before the fight was to take place, and I wondered whether I should be embarking on a fool's errand by leaving London before I knew that Siki had torn himself away from Paris.

In the end I made the journey as arranged, and stumbled on a series of story-collecting that put most of my previous experiences in the fight game completely in the shade. Even now I find it a trifle difficult to avoid making it sound like a fairy tale, minus the fairies.

Bear in mind the period. The greater part of Southern Ireland had been having a private war on its own account. Sniping between the I.R.A. and the Black-and-Tans had given place to sniping between the Irish Free State Army and the I.R.A. The Irish Free State was still undergoing growing pains, and to an outsider things may have looked fairly serene on the surface, but below, the ominous rumblings belied the serenity.

**GUNMAN'S WELCOME.**  
I arrived in Dublin in the dismal dawn of a February morning to be welcomed by the black muzzle of a Webley revolver pointed at my solar plexus.

"Come on, open up yer bag," chirped the voice behind the gun. My eyes had been glued to that revolver barrel, and as the words were spoken I glanced up at the gunman for the first time.

I saw a dirty little tough in a filthy mackintosh and wearing the grasiest cap I had seen outside a stokehold. Could I sock him on the jaw before his finger pulled the trigger? As that unspoken question flashed into mind an-

other voice broke in as smoothly as the sluggish-flowing Liffey. "Ye'd better open yer case."

The voice came from the driver of a jaunting car, who was leaning over his box seat, surveying the scene. I took his advice, having nothing more valuable than some changes of clothing and my shaving kit.

Without another word the "tough" stuck his gun in his pocket and slouched away, leaving me with an odd assortment of queer thoughts. I was brought back to earth by the driver, who asked me where I wanted to go. I told him and took my seat on that relic of ancient Ireland, the jaunting car.

As the horse moved off I asked the "cabby" if that was the welcome usually given to visitors to Dublin, and he said, "He's a plain-clothes man. Thought you might have been carrying a gun."

For the life of me, I could not have mustered up the stock remark of visitors to London by saying, "Your police are wonderful."

Some time later I saw the chief of Dublin's police and told him what I thought of the hold-up, and, not to coin a phrase, he nearly laughed his bloomin' head off.

**BOMB B'HOYS.**

It was the cabby who told me that the plain-clothes men had been recruited from the sharpshooters who had previously potted at the police under the old regime. "Sure, he's one of the b'hoys right enough."

As we passed a heap of ruins on the way, he pointed his whip and informed me casually, "That was the income tax office, that was. The b'hoys shied a bomb there a while back."

In all the principal thoroughfares Free State troops were posted to search pedestrians for arms. Only the men were searched; the women went on their way without challenge, and might have been walking arsenals for all anybody knew. It was not a very pleasant period for Irish people, but, on the surface, they appeared to take it all as a matter of course.

One of the chief reasons why they wanted this boxing contest in Dublin was made apparent to me very soon after my arrival in the city.

The hotel porter said with much fervour, "I hope to God this fight can be fixed all right. There's nothing like sport to take the people's minds off politics. It'll give them something else to talk about."

The mere announcement of

the fight had effected this. Wherever I went, people were eager to discuss the prospects, and the aspect that struck me as being rather strange was that they had little or no interest in Siki's opponent.

**IRISH SELECTION.**  
It was Battling Siki they wanted to talk about. The man selected to fight the negro for the world's lightweight championship was Mike McTigue, a native of County Clare.

McTigue had done all his boxing in the United States, whither he had emigrated at an early age. He had built up a fair record and was fully entitled to the match for the world's title.

There was nothing of the showman about McTigue, and he found it exceedingly difficult to secure engagements merely because he lacked personality.

The promoters gave him the match with Siki because it was felt to be necessary to secure some Irish interest in the fight.

It did not take long, however, for me to realise that it was just a waste of time to attempt to work up any warm interest in McTigue. Your native Irishman has no fraternal feelings for the returned emigrant, even if he is quite liberal in dispensing hospitality, which was not the case with McTigue.

I learned some time afterwards that his reputation for meanness had spread rapidly. The hall porter at his hotel gave his verdict with rich contempt: "He wouldn't even wish you a good day."

That perhaps explains why to-day the name of McTigue is forgotten, yet he was a skilful boxer and a genuine champion at his best, though not the type that pleased the spectators. Promoters soon found that he failed to draw the crowd.

He was of the kind known to ring followers as a spoiler, and, like most spoilers, he was a difficult man to beat.

Siki was not a boxer at all in the accepted meaning of the word, but he could fight like a tiger if he was meeting an opponent who could not hurt him, and since his victory over Carpenter and all that followed, the very mention of his name caused a buzz of excitement.

They all wanted to see him in the flesh, and the people of Dublin were waiting to welcome him with open arms.

**SIKI COMES, BUT . . .**

Many days elapsed, and still there was no word of Siki. The promoters were getting anxious, and were almost resigned to the impossibility of enticing the negro to Ireland. Did it mean that the show would have to be abandoned? It looked that way.

A substitute for McTigue would have meant little in the way of adverse criticism, but it was unthinkable that the people would stand for any one else in place of Siki.

When even the optimistic surgeon began to doubt the ability of Harris to accomplish his mission a telephone call came through from that convoy. He was speaking from Cork.

Yes, he had Siki with him on Irish soil. No time to tell the whole story now. Siki was in Cork, but refused to budge an inch further into Ireland. He insisted on returning to France.

It was a moment for prompt action, and you may be sure that this skilful surgeon did not hesitate when a bold decision became necessary.

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

An elephant's trunk has 40,000 muscles.

The elephant is his own dentist, and when troubled with a bad tooth will use a stick to remove the offending molar.

A selling plate is a race in which the horses are entered to sell at a stated price, and the weight they carry varies with the price. In the absence of a higher bid, anyone can purchase the winner at the price named.



# Dupin on the murder trail

Continuing—  
MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

"SEVERAL witnesses, recalled, testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth storey were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house.

"There is no back passage by which anyone could have descended while the party proceeded upstairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Españaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

"Paul Dumas, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about day-break. They were both then

lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed.

"There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discoloured, and the eyeballs protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced apparently by the pressure of a knee.

"In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Españaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left tibia much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discoloured. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man.

"No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evi-

dently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

"Alexandre Etienne, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony and the opinions of M. Dumas.

"Nothing further of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clue apparent."

By  
EDGAR ALLAN POE

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Lebon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least, so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Lebon had been imprisoned

that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Paris police, so much extolled for acumen, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measure; but, not unfrequently, these are so ill-adapted to the objects proposed as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his 'robe-de-chambre—pour mieux entendre la musique.' The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but for the most part are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail.

"Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he necessarily lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus the is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is invariably superficial.

"The depths lie in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-top where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances—to view it in a side-long way, by turning towards it the exterior portions of the retina (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior), is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision fully upon it.

"A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but in the former there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will

## ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



TALE OF AN ACROBAT.

About the only animal in the world that can swing on its own tail is the Kinkajou—small, furry, a regular little pet. There is a tremendous muscle inside its tail that gives it the power and agility to do extraordinary things. It can give a blow with its tail that would really hurt, and it is the only member of the cat tribe that enjoys making a rope of the stern hawser it possesses.

afford us amusement." [I thought this an odd term so applied, but said nothing] "and besides, Lebon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G—, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it, as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided.

The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an object-

less curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a loge du concierge.

Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighbourhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

(To be continued)

Man wants but little drink below,  
But wants that little strong.  
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## WANGLING WORDS—224

1. Put a foreign capital in OR and make an East Coast town.
2. Rearrange the letters of WIN OR N.B.G. and make a poet.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CLEAN into SWEEP, SEND into BACK, BEAR into BARE, SCOTS into GREYS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CHAMPIONSHIP?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 223

1. GIRAFFE.
2. BARTHOLOMEW.
3. CALL, BALL, BILL, WILL, WILD, WOOD, WORD, FORD, FORT, FOOT, BOOT, BOAT, COAT, COAL, MONEY, HONEY, HONES, CONES, CORES, CORNS, COINS.
4. FLAG, FLAT, FEAT, FEET, FEES, BEES, BEYS, BAYS, DAYS.
5. Nail, Lain, Sail, Pail, Than, Thin, That, This, Harp, Pair, Stop, Pots, Last, List, Shop, Ship, Star, Stir, Tors, Sort, Soar, Soil, Rota, Part, Trap, Past, etc.
6. Pistol, Plant, Taint, Stain, Satin, Saint, Snail, Roast, Start, Hoist, Loans, Sport, Trips, Spirit, Sprit, Trail, Trial, Toast, Troth, Paint, Point, etc.

## JANE



## QUIZ for today

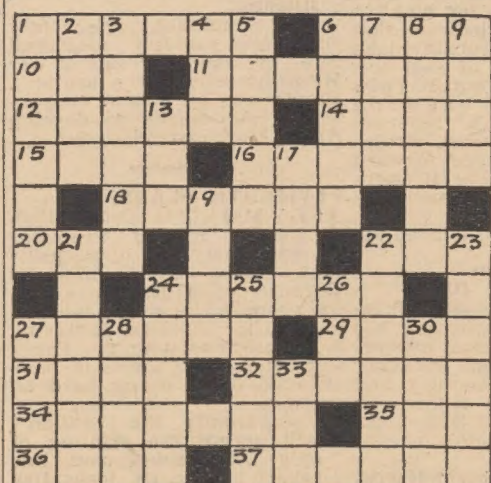
1. A thill is a dentist's instrument, part of a cart, thimble, kind of cloth, French pastry?
2. Who wrote (a) The Dark Forest, (b) The Dark Invader?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Punch, Radio Times, Listener, Observer, Sunday Express, News-Chronicle?
4. Do frogs and toads have teeth?
5. From what plant do we get tapioca?
6. What is the chief difference between a man's coat and a woman's?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Ligement, Liniment, Lubricant, Litagant, Lineament, Linguist?

8. Do icebergs consist of fresh or salt water?
9. How long is an ell?
10. What is an alienist?
11. What is the capital of Haiti?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) Lot's —, (b) Potiphar's —

## Answers to Quiz in No. 268

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) Jerome K. Jerome, (b) Kipling.
3. Birch is not a conifer; others are.
4. Thistle.
5. The Co-optimists, 2,325 performances.
6. 1900.
7. Concomitant, Condescend.
8. Alexander.
9. Heavier.
10. December 14, 1918.
11. Canberra.
12. (a) Companions (or Shepherd), (b) Angler.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Water-gate.
- 6 Deer.
- 10 Success.
- 11 School subject.
- 12 Think fine.
- 14 Spume.
- 15 Favour.
- 16 Dairy produce.
- 18 Winter sportsman.
- 20 Nevertheless.
- 22 State further.
- 24 Perfumatory.
- 27 Diction.
- 29 Surfeit.
- 31 Praise.
- 32 Harmonise.
- 34 In lively time.
- 35 Colour.
- 36 Require.
- 37 Accent.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

TEG FINESS  
UVULA EXTOL  
BARACIC OAF  
KNIT KINK  
BEANOS TEST  
L R ROBE O  
ODDS REMIND  
OR PATH RID  
MISER ATOLL  
EVADE VAN E  
DEW AVERSE

### CLUES DOWN.

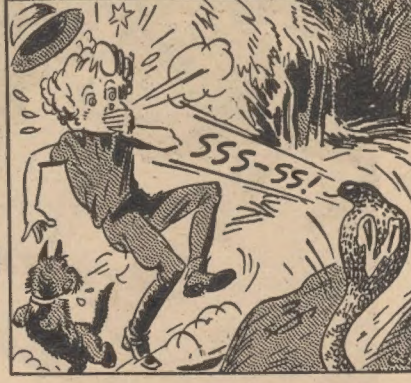
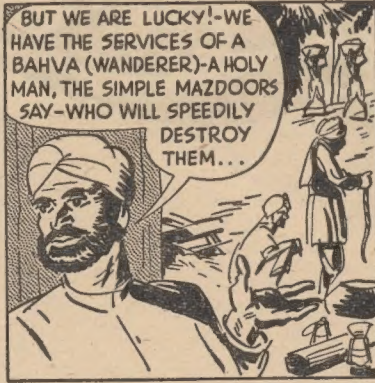
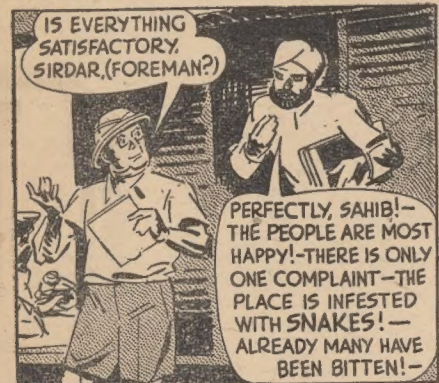
- 1 Dilapidated.
- 2 Bathing place.
- 3 Furthest.
- 4 Vehicle.
- 5 Chosen.
- 6 Postpone.
- 7 Wind instrument.
- 8 Obliterated.
- 9 Identical.
- 13 Coloured fluid.
- 17 Tiller.
- 19 Boy's name.
- 21 Emit in vapour.
- 22 Refer.
- 23 Senior members.
- 24 Drooped.
- 25 Uplifts.
- 26 Dead.
- 27 Diagram.
- 28 Sway.
- 30 Burden.
- 33 Dram.



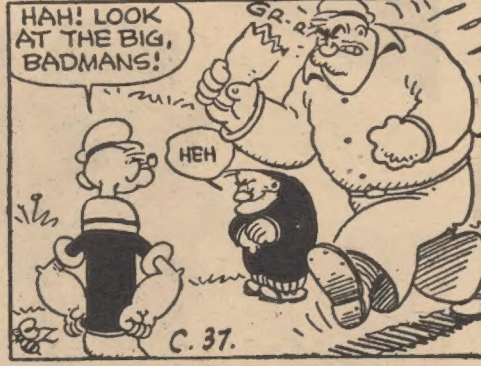
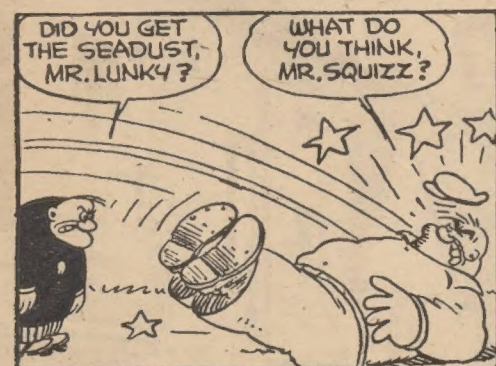
## BUBB JONES



## BELINDA



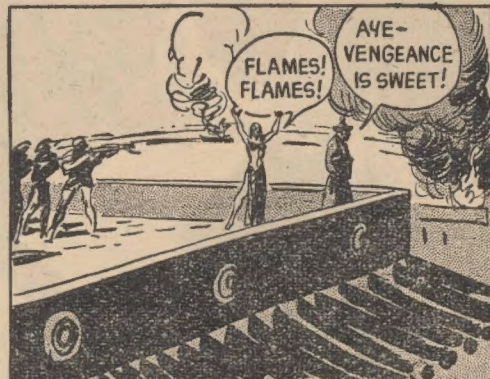
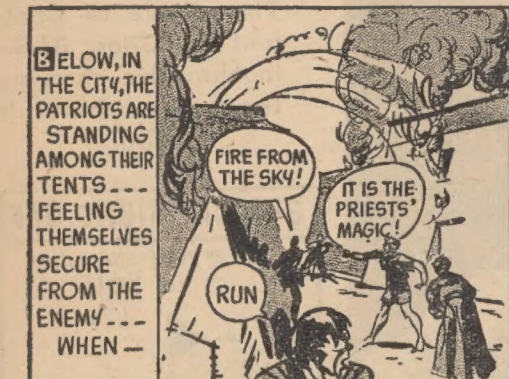
## POPEYE



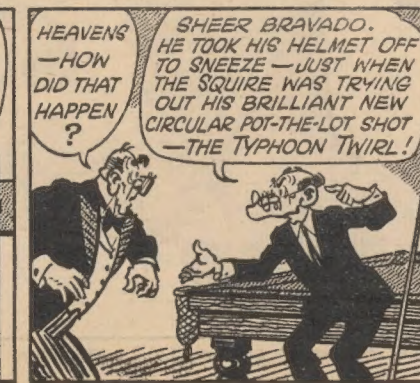
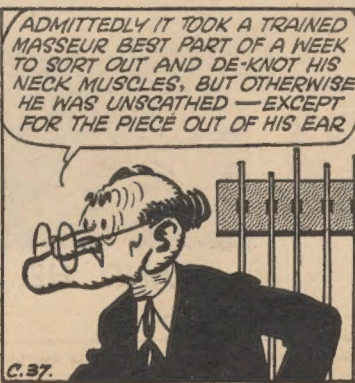
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## THE GUILTY ONES.

THERE is, I think, to-day no controversy that justice ought to be executed on those sufficiently for present purposes described as "war criminals." Posterity might well complain if a second time such malefactors should escape retribution, and if once more a tradition of personal immunity should be established.

Lord Wright.

## DANGERS OF SPECIALISATION.

THERE is the very real danger to a democratic civilisation of having all the intelligent youth crammed with high-pressure technical teaching to the entire exclusion of even more important branches of human knowledge and thought. Germany has done something like this to her scientists, and therefore, in spite of technical knowledge and skill, they are fair game for the craziest political propaganda, even on such things as Hitler's racial theories.

F. G. Miles (famous aircraft designer).

## OUR COMING TASK.

IN danger we have experienced the resurrection of the spirit of a great people. The danger will pass; but the people will remain, and their spirit with them. . . . What sort of a country is it going to be? We ourselves will make it.

Lord Woolton.

## WHAT WOMEN—AND MEN—WANT.

I DON'T think that there can be any doubt that woman both wants and needs marriage more than does man. Generally speaking (and you may quote as many thousand exceptions as you please), what a man wants is a woman, and what a woman wants is a home; and to this you may add that she both wants and needs children far more positively than he does. Only by marriage can a woman satisfy these desires. Is it also true of a man? Well, women know the answer; and since the last war, and even more freely in this one, they have given it.

A. A. Milne.

## WHO IS TO BLAME?

WE have tried to explain the war by laying the blame on one particular person or group of people: Hitler, Mr. Chamberlain, the Capitalist System, France, the Neutrals. Hitler, of course, does just the same; he picks on Jews or Bolsheviks. That kind of explanation will not cover the facts. . . . We say that somebody—the National Government or the Communist Party or the Church (usually meaning the Archbishop of Canterbury)—must save the situation. . . . No one person or set of people can "save the situation." It can only be saved by every single one of us accepting our bit of responsibility and doing our share of saving it.

Canon F. A. Cockin.

## U.K.—U.S.A. RELATIONS.

UPON the way in which Americans and British see things together depends largely the question of whether the solutions of our post-war problems are going to be helpful and beneficial. . . . We have been ill-served by well-intentioned sentimentalists who have looked upon British and American collaboration as a tea-party reserved for a few of the very nicest people. If it is going to be a mutual admiration society between British and Americans, then the rest of the world will gain nothing from our present closeness of contact.

Professor Arthur Newell.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL MINERS.

FOR boys themselves, practical experience of mining would be a far better social and industrial education than they would gain in the Services. Those who will be chosen now have an opportunity of gaining an experience which will give them an understanding, not only of mining conditions, but of working-class life as a whole, which would otherwise be denied them, and which should have a most valuable effect on their whole outlook.

H. Justin Evans.

## YOUNGER M.P.s.

YOUNG men with political views and aspirations, whether Parliamentary or even municipal, should serve their apprenticeship with their local party organisation, and they should expect to do some of the donkey-work at elections before being considered for the race for Parliamentary honours. Unless they have proved their ability to be able to take their jumps with some hope of finishing the course successfully, I would prefer an older veteran who understands the game, even if he is a bit slower.

Sir G. Tyrwhitt-Drake.

## THE FORCES THINK—

AMONGST the men and women in the Forces who try to think for themselves and form independent judgments, I find that a feeling of frustration does exist. They want to see the whole panorama of the world before them, but, like the frog, they are each imprisoned in their separate wells. They fear that things are being settled, so to speak, behind their backs, and that perhaps the old muddles may repeat themselves. They look to Parliament to inform the nation.

Hamilton Kerr, M.P.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

AND THEY SAY  
WOMEN ARE VAIN  
Funny thing, but it's the  
man who's doing the pos-  
ing.



"Oh! We just left them high and dry."

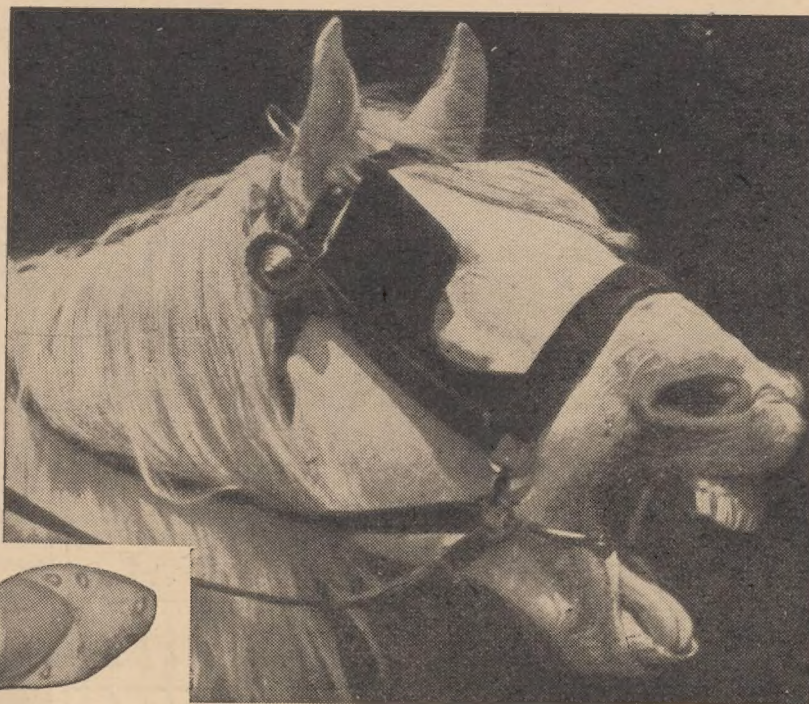


## This England

The village of Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, showing the stump of Milton's Elm.



Paramount starlet Don Drake makes herself at home.



AND HE LAUGHS JUST LIKE  
A HORSE

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And the same to YOU."

